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A FARM IN PICARDY



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A FARM IN PICARDY

BY

DORA NELSON



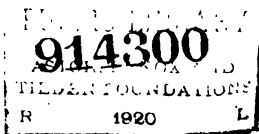
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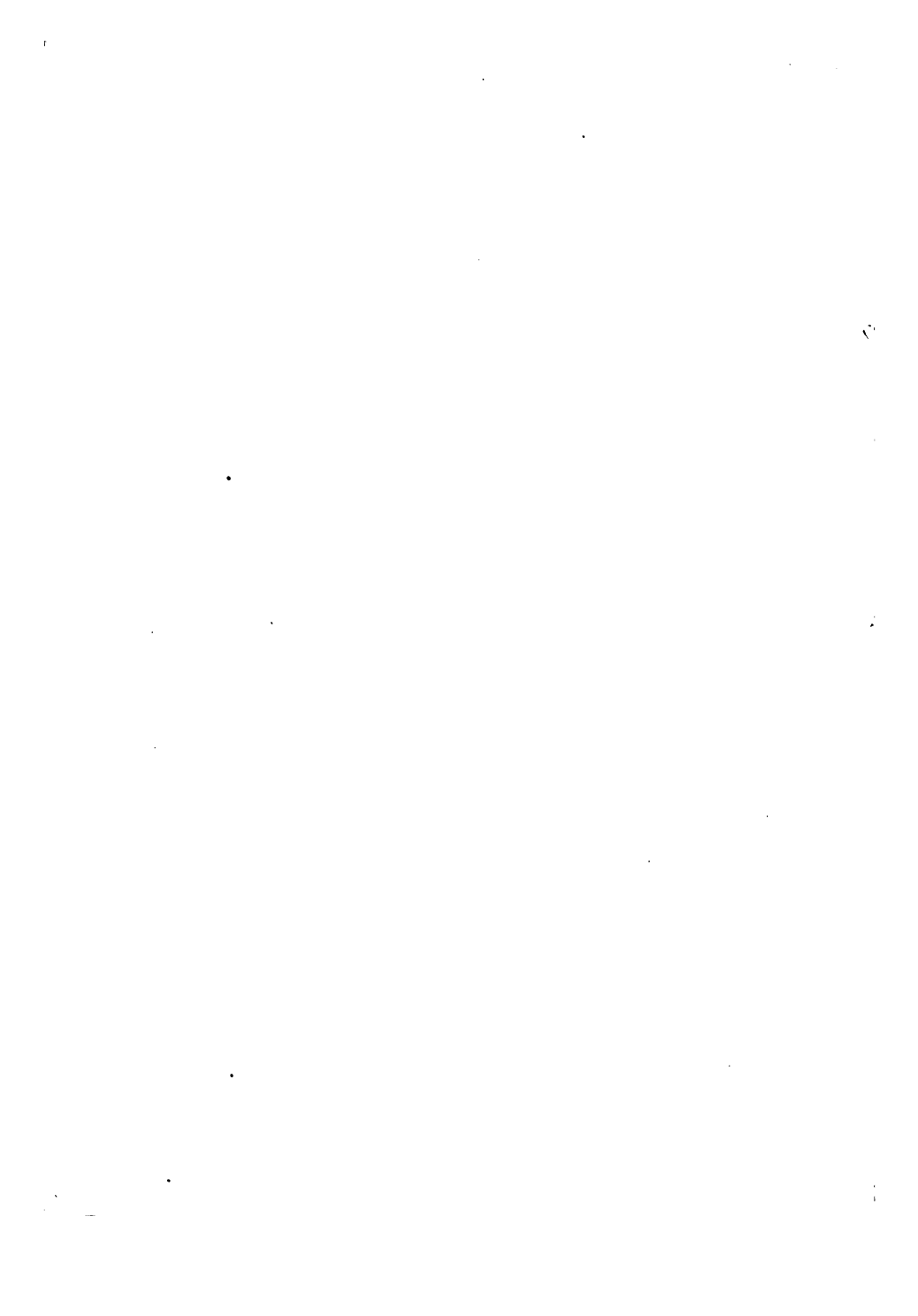
CONTENTS

	Page
THE ULTIMATE GAIN	1
A FARM IN PICARDY	2
HIS MOTHER	3
SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE HE SLEEPS TODAY	4
THE AIR RAIDER	6
THE RED CROSS NURSE	7
THE SINGER	8
THE CROSS	9
THE BATTLE OF THE AVIATORS	10
THE RED CROSS	11
THE CUMBERLAND MOTHER	12
EDITH CAVELL	15
THE BROTHERS	16
THE DEFENSE OF MT. KEMMEL	19
THE WAR BRIDE	21
THE INDICTMENT	23
THE BOLSHIEVIKI	24
WAR	25
EASTER, 1918	26
IN LIGHTER VEIN	29
THE ROOKIE	31
MY WORK	32
LITTLE PET CHICKEN	33
NO WONDER IT WAS COLD	35
HOME ON FURLOUGH	36

CONTENTS

	Page
MAIDEN MUSINGS	37
PEASANT GIRL AND AVIATOR	39
THE AMBULANCE DRIVER	40
BAYNICKS	41
THE STORM	42
THE GLORY OF MAN	44
THE DAY	47

A FARM IN PICARDY



THE ULTIMATE GAIN

If universal brotherhood
We ultimately gain,
No drop of all this sea of blood
Shall have been shed in vain.

A FARM IN PICARDY

A FARM IN PICARDY

Oft times when the grapes grew purple
In the warmth of the setting sun,
I have sat with my loved ones round me,
When the long day's toil was done.

My boy and my girl were dearer
Than children might ever be,
And my soul was filled with gladness
To hear their childish glee.

My wife was the sweetest woman
That ever the good God gave
To bless the heart of a husband,
And make him strong and brave.

The Boches came down from the north;
The English came from the sea;
And my farm was caught between them,
And it crushed my farm—and me.

A FARM IN PICARDY

HIS MOTHER

The neighbor with a voice that broke,
While tears stole down each cheek,
Endeavored in her homely way,
A word of cheer to speak.
But his mother bravely said,
Her eyes without a tear,
"My boy's life is not ended,
Though his work is ended here.
His country claimed his service,
He was a soldier true,
And I who am his mother
Must be a soldier, too."

A FARM IN PICARDY

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE HE SLEEPS TODAY

The purple shadows dim the hills,
The sun flames home at last,
The cows come lowing to the bars,
And twilight follows fast;
The old dog stands upon the step,
And looks adown the lane,
And harks to hear the master's voice
He ne'er shall hear again.
That faithful beast cannot conceive
Our weight of crushing woe.
Somewhere in France he sleeps today,
The boy we used to know.

Within the old colonial home
Each head is bowed in grief,
While once again the father reads
That message sad and brief
That tells how bravely he has died,
Our own dear brown-eyed lad,
In trench retaken from the foe
Upon the other side.
The old clock ticks upon the wall
With measured beat and slow:
Somewhere in France he sleeps today,
The boy we used to know.

A FARM IN PICARDY

The children seek their several rooms,
Their childish tears soon dried;
The father lays him down to sleep
In mingled grief and pride.
The mother takes the nightlamp up,
And mounts the winding stair,
To seek the little, low-eaved room,
Where treasured mem'ries are.
No hearts so true as mother hearts.
I wonder why 'tis so?
Somewhere in France he sleeps today,
The boy we used to know.

She sets the lamp upon the stand,
And fondles o'er and o'er
Each object that is all that's left
To her of him she bore,
And letters written mid the rush
Of screaming shot and shell
And all that dread machinery
That makes this war such hell.
Oh, aching heart that cannot break
While long years come and go!
Somewhere in France he sleeps today,
The boy we used to know.

A FARM IN PICARDY

THE AIR RAIDER

Two little children playing on the grass,
One a brown-haired little boy, one a gold-haired lass ;
Motor purring overhead, then a whining sound,
Then two mangled little forms dead upon the ground.

A FARM IN PICARDY

THE RED CROSS NURSE

They brought him from the trenches stark and cold,
My love who was so noble, brave and bold,
The man for whom I came across the sea,
My love who was the whole wide world to me.

Oh, loving arms that never more shall press!
Oh, heart that faster beat at my caress!
Oh, lips that never failed to smile before!
Oh, lovelit eyes that I shall see no more!

The apple trees were white when he was killed,
And all the balmy air their fragrance filled,
And he was laid where their bent boughs could shed
Their wealth of snowy petals o'er his head.

A year has come and gone upon its way,
And I am working still as on that day,
And keeping a smiling face and cheerful air,
And tend the broken bodies in my care.

And now the trees are white with bloom again,
And in my heart the old regret and pain,
I go apart and weep to find relief.
Oh, God! Oh, God! my soul is dead with grief!

A FARM IN PICARDY

THE SINGER

A tall, slim strip of a fellow,
About twenty three, I guess,
The quiet kind, but I liked him better
Than any man in our mess.

No different from hundreds of others,
As far as I can tell,
Except that he had a voice as clear
And sweet as a silver bell.

We bucked the old Hindenburg line,
Every last one of us all,—
Ran into a nest of machine guns,
And Don was the first to fall.

We laid him on a stretcher
Made of blankets and rough-cut poles,
And carried him back two miles,
Over ground full of ruts and holes.

But never a moan he uttered,
Never an impatient word,
But he sang every step of the way,
And such singing I never heard!

A FARM IN PICARDY

THE CROSS

A Frenchman and a German
Lay dying on the field,
And that they both were of one faith,
Was in that hour revealed.
The Frenchman kissed a crucifix,
Then passed it to the other.
"We've fought as foes—let's die as friends,
Now kiss the cross, my brother."
The dying German kissed the cross,
And then, without a groan,
But with a murmured prayer, each passed
Into the Great Unknown.

A FARM IN PICARDY

THE BATTLE OF THE AVIATORS

Oh, I have lain in tall, lush grass,
Where scarlet poppies grew,
And looked up to the bright blue sky,
Where white clouds flecked the blue;
And I have seen two giant planes
Like great birds poised in air,
Great birds of war, and each one strove
To kill the other there;
And I have watched them circle close,
And dip and dart and veer;
And streams of flaming fire would light
Their wings as they drew near
And, locked in combat each would deal
His foe a mortal wound,
Then both would plunge a mass of flame
And wreckage to the ground.

A FARM IN PICARDY

THE RED CROSS

Merciful hands that lift and save;
Or friends, or foes,
Where'er the Red Cross goes
There's help and healing for the brave.

A FARM IN PICARDY

THE CUMBERLAND MOTHER

In the doorway of a cabin,
On a lonely mountain height,
A woman stood one eve as day
Was changing into night.
Her face was seamed by many a line
Drawn there by grief and care,
Her back was bowed by years of toil,
And white as snow her hair.

Blood-red was all the western sky,
And blood-red all the plain,
The pines stood out as etched in blood,
Reflected back again.
To her who looked it seemed as though
The blood of all the dead
Who died in war since war began
Was in that scene outspread.

She turned away and closed the door
To shut out the dread sight,
And breathed a prayer: "Oh, God, take care
Of my dear boy tonight."
She laid herself upon her bed,
At length her eyelids closed
In sleep, but soon a dread dream come
To break her calm repose.

A FARM IN PICARDY

She dreamed she saw a phantom host
Of soldiers, row on row,
Come marching up the long hill road
With measured step and slow,
To pause beside her cabin door,
And set a stretcher down
On which there lay a stark, dead form
In soldier suit of brown.

"What's that?" she cried, and yet she knew
Before the answer came:
"One you know well," the leader said,
And spoke a well-known name.
She woke and found it all a dream.
She did not wail or weep.
And thrice that night the dread dream came
To break her fitful sleep.

When morning came she went about
Her usual toilsome ways;
She milked the cow, let down the bars,
And left the beast to graze.
She strained the milk, and set the pans
In rows beside the door;
Tidied the hearth, made up her bed,
And swept the puncheon floor.

Her trembling hand drew out her wheel,
She set herself to spin

A FARM IN PICARDY

The wool from mountain sheep in lengths
So strong and true and thin;
And as she worked, a messenger
Rode swiftly to her door,
Knocked loudly, opened, and handed her
A telegram he bore.

"Oh, sir," she cried, "I cannot read—"
I never l'arned to read—
Since you are hyar, please read to me,
Kind sir, you know my need."
He took the letter from her hand
And read as best he could:
"Your son was killed the twenty-fourth—
He died as brave men should."

She did not weep as women weep,
When stricken to the heart,
She made no moan, from those dim eyes
No scalding tears did start.
"It is God's will. God's will be done."
She bowed her old gray head.
Then prone she fell upon the floor,
The mother, too, was dead.

A FARM IN PICARDY

EDITH CAVELL

'Tis only to the privileged few
Deephearted daughters of the Race of Man
Is granted grace of martyrdom.
To you, pure spirit, 'tis given to stand
Beside the wondrous Maid of France,
Supreme in womanhood, supreme in sacrifice.

A FARM IN PICARDY

THE BROTHERS

Men of all countries and climes were we,
Gathered to fight for democracy;
And I was one of them, even I,
With a soul to do and a will to die,
I, who came from a noble line,
And a castle old beside the Rhine.
I lay on my bunk and harked to the rain,
And the wind that wailed like a soul in pain,
And heard repeated o'er and o'er
The never ceasing battle's roar,
And into my dulled brain came a gleam
Of the past, like a half-remembered dream.
I remembered the room where we were born,
My brother and I, the selfsame morn,
Yet I was the younger son, and he,
The elder, and heir to the barony.
I recalled my father, a handsome man,
With reckless eyes and cheeks of tan;
I remembered my mother all others above,
Whose poor heart broke when she lost his love,
For a heart may break though the body lives on,
And life be a torture when love is gone;
And the fair, false woman, with eyes of flame,
Who sullied our ancient and honored name;
I remembered my brother's parting sigh,
And the woodland glade where we said goodbye;

A FARM IN PICARDY

The day mother came with me over the sea
To America, land of liberty.
And I loved that land, and, burning with zeal,
Joined in the fight for the commonweal.
And now I awaited the hour to go
To plant a mine beneath the foe;
For thus had come the order stern:
"You shall go—but not return."
Why does this blackness over me roll?
What is this thing that shakes my soul?
No fear. I'm no coward—if wounds can speak—
No craven—bears witness this scar on my cheek.
I'll forget the past! I must away!
The mine shall be planted ere break of day.
There's a place where no living thing can stand
And live, 'twixt the armies, called No Man's Land;
'Tis shelltorn and strown with dead men's bones;
And the air resounds with dying groans,
Where the dead and wounded lie in heaps
Till the ambulance so softly creeps,
Sorting them out ere it be too late,
And bears away the mangled freight.
And into the scene of horror and pain
I crept on my knees in the dark and rain.
Now suddenly out of the blackness before me
I heard a sound, and a shudder went o'er me.
And I thought: "'Tis a foe with a like intent,
On a similar errand as I am bent."
I heard him gasp as he gripped his gun;

A FARM IN PICARDY

But I was the swifter—the deed was done;
And I felt the sweat on my forehead start
As my steel pierced through and reached his heart.
Then over our heads a starshell broke
In a flicker of blue and greenish smoke,
Then burned for an instant with steady flame;
And from the lips of the dying came
A spoken word—"Wilhelm!" I looked on a face
I recognized, full of manly grace.
"My brother!" I cried, "that this should be!
"My brother. Would I had died for thee!"
"Mein lieber bruder!" his pale lips said:
Then the end came swiftly—and he was dead.
I pressed my lips to his forehead fair,
And rushed from the spot in wild despair.
The men over there were my brothers all,
Yet I must respond to duty's call.
I planted the mine, but ere I could light
The fuse in my hand a starbomb bright
Burst over the scene, and a bullet sped
And left me wounded and wellnigh dead;
And here I lie in a prison cell
And wait for death—and it is well.
My brother! Our mother shall never know
That mine was the hand that laid him low.

A FARM IN PICARDY

THE DEFENSE OF MT. KEMMEL

When the first streaks of the early dawn paint all the
east with rose,
The English retire and leave the French to face the
advancing foes.

For at any cost the channel ports must be saved to
the Allies' cause,
And the French who are left are depended on to make
the foemen pause.

Strong of heart but in numbers few, they know there
is scarce a chance
That a man may live, but what better death than to
die for France—for France!

Up the hill in the morning light come the Huns in a
rushing wave,
And for every man the charge shall end in a three by
six foot grave.

Another wave, and the ground is piled with dying and
with dead;
Another and another breaks—the slope is a river
of red.

A FARM IN PICARDY

The brave defenders hold the hill the while their ranks
grow thin;

The day is done, the end is near, the charging Huns
must win.

The parapet is knocked to bits; the dugouts smashed
and gone;

Not all are dead—a few are left—and still the fight
goes on.

Till, uncontested, unopposed on sweep the victorious
Huns,

For all the brave and noble French lie dead beside
their guns.

A FARM IN PICARDY

THE WAR BRIDE

The stars shone clear that summer night,
A pale moon rode the sky,
As up the village street we walked,
My soldier love and I.
We passed the turn and half way up
We left the traveled way,
Passed through the graveyard where the dead
In silence round us lay.

Climbed higher still until at length
We stood upon the hill,
And paused to hear the nighthawk's cry,
The mournful whippoorwill.
We saw the glowworm on the grass,
The firefly on the wing,
And heard the call that Nature gives
To every living thing.

My husband put out his strong arms
And drew me to his breast;
My throbbing heart against his heart
Could ask no other rest.
I only know that I loved him,
And I know he loved me,
And he, my love, was soon to go
To fight across the sea.

* * * * *

A FARM IN PICARDY

They made his grave in lands afar,
Across the miles of foam,
With a hero's medal on his breast—
And I am here at home
An honored grave for my true love,
Long years of grief for me,
And the child that on my bosom lies—
Love's immortality.

A FARM IN PICARDY

THE INDICTMENT

The best and bravest of your race
Go forth at despot's will,
To settle all things by the sword,
And know no way but kill.

A FARM IN PICARDY

THE BOLSHEVIKI

A dream of justice and brotherhood
In a world gone mad with greed and blood;
A dream and a hope; yet there is no power
Can change the world in a single hour;
But slow and sure as the mighty tide
The New order riseth far and wide.

A FARM IN PICARDY

WAR

War wastes the labor of our hands;
It lays a burden sore
Of debt on all, but doubly on
The unresisting poor;
Our mothers weep, our widows wail,
Our unfathered children cry;
Our harvests fail, stark famine comes,
We wither, fade and die.

A FARM IN PICARDY

EASTER, 1918

Nineteen eighteen, on Easter morn,
The people go about
With faces drawn by grief and care,
And minds oppressed by doubt.

Hushed is the careless laughter,
Gone the Parisian smiles.
They fear the gun, the super gun,
That shoots a hundred miles.

They pass into the churches,
And there they kneel and pray
To God to help them save their homes,
And drive the Huns away.

Within the church of Saint Gervaise,
There hangs a sacred shape
Of Christ upon a cross, at which
The kneeling hundreds gape.

And far above the kneeling throng,
Beneath His thorned crown,
The strange, sad image of the Christ
Looks sadly, dumbly down.

A FARM IN PICARDY

The people listen to the mass,
So solemn, deep and slow,
Those Latin words whose meaning few
There know, or care to know.

But high above the intoned mass,
And o'er the music's swell,
They hear at intervals the sound
Of an exploding shell.

What though the burning incense
The peoples' sense beguiles?
They cannot quite forget the gun
That shoots a hundred miles.

They lift their eyes and gaze upon
The form upon the tree,
And breathe a prayer: "Oh, save us now,
Our Lord, we pray to thee."

Now, swiftly from the sky there falls
A shell, and strikes amain
The church, and through the kneeling
throng
Exploding, makes a lane.

But high above the awful din,
Beneath His thorned crown,

A FARM IN PICARDY

The image of the pitying Christ
Looks sadly, dumbly down.

Though Christ seems dumb, and wrong
prevail
And innocence is slain;
Still shines the sun above the world,
And right shall some day reign.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

THE ROOKIE

I'm sorry for the married men;
I pity all good fellows,
Who have to stay and slave all day
At workbench, forge and bellows;
Who plow and sow and reap and mow,
As days grow dull and duller,
While I can go where bugles blow,
And life is full of color.
Let slackers stay at home and play
At games of golf and hockey,
For me it's fun to pack a gun
And march with the boys in khaki.

A FARM IN PICARDY

MY WORK

It may be I shall never reach
The heights and depths of song,
But I shall write no word of hate
For anything but wrong.

A FARM IN PICARDY

LITTLE PET CHICKEN

Went to a house in Belgium;
Folks all dead—place on the bum—
All on account of a bloomin' shell;
I tell yah war is jest plain hell.
There was a gal about fourteen year;
To think of her now it brings a tear;
An' right atop of her shinin' hair
A little pet chicken a-nestlin' there.
We tuck 'im back to make us a fry,
When somebuddy said: "Don't kill 'im, le's try
To feed an' keep 'im an' make 'im our pet."
An' that's jest what we done, you bet!
That dern little chicken, ef you'll b'lieve me,
Jest loved a fight the same as we;
Follyed us everywhere, ev'ry minute;
Wasn't a scrap that he wasn't in it;
Tell one foggy day we'd been plantin' mines,
An' got way inter the inemy's lines,
An' started back, we heard a squawk
Like a chicken makes when it sees a hawk;
An' there on the ground was a red hot wire,
A snaky line o' livin' fire.
Burned to a crisp was our little pet chicken!
Think of it now an' it makes me sicken.

A FARM IN PICARDY

We flattened out an' the bullets went over,
The current went off an' we crawled back to cover.
An' some of us cussed an' a few of us cried
When we thought how our little pet chicken died.

A FARM IN PICARDY

NO WONDER IT WAS COLD

A Yankee soldier went into
A gay Paris café,
And gave his order for a cup
Of hot café au lait.
"I want it hot—let it be hot—
As hot as hell," he said.
But when that cup of coffee came
Twas cold as the two day dead.
He told the waiter what he thought,
And told it plainly, too.
"What *can* you expect," the waiter said,
"When it waited *three years* for you."

A FARM IN PICARDY

HOME ON FURLOUGH

The hours as moments swiftly fly,
On wings the fleetest of the fleet,
And time and earth are known no more,
When we two meet.

Ah, what care we for paradise,
For pearly gates or golden street?
'Tis nearer, dearer paradise,
When we two meet.

A FARM IN PICARDY

MAIDEN MUSINGS

'Twas dusky down there by the gate;
And it was late—oh awful late—
Most half past nine—but Ed and I
Just couldn't bear to say good-bye
Until I said I'd have to go;
Then Ed reached out and took me—so—
And if I live a hundred years,
Of mingled joy and grief and tears,
I won't forget the exquisite bliss
And rapture of that last long kiss.
And then he asked me if I would
Wait for him. And I said I should.

It's been a month since Ed was here;
To me it seems just like a year;
I've not been to a place I know,
Not even to a picture show.
I'll wait for Ed till he comes back;
And if he's killed, I'll put on black.
But ma says I've no cause to fret,
Seeing I'm not wife or widow yet.
But ma don't know how bad I feel,
Even if I never miss a meal,
For I, although I sorely grieve
Don't wear my feelings on my sleeve.

A FARM IN PICARDY .

Today, when all my tasks were done,
I went and stood out in the sun,
And thought of Ed away so far,
Fred Jones came by in his new car.
I used to think a lot of Fred,
Before I fell in love with Ed.
And Fred asked me to go to ride,
And so I hopped in by his side.
Fred said he felt bad as could be
When he was put in "deferred D",
But says he's joined the Home Guards now
Seeing he couldn't get in the big row.

Fred showed me where he's bought a lot,
In just the very prettiest spot;
And said in tones so soft and low,
He's going to build a bungalow,
If just one girl will only share
The pretty home he'll have up there.
A soldier's pay is awful small—
It's hardly anything at all.
And yet—and yet—Ed's dear brown eyes,
His handsome face, and loving sighs—
Oh dear, I don't know what to do!
I wish this darned old war was through!

A FARM IN PICARDY

PEASANT GIRL AND AVIATOR

At times upon my raptured sight,
There shines a vision wondrous bright;
Far up the blue in ether high
Your sunlit wings against the sky.
And I must walk through valleys low.
Ah, well, 'tis best that it is so—
You do not know, dear heart, will never know.

A FARM IN PICARDY

THE AMBULANCE DRIVER

Suggested by a cartoon by Fontaine Fox.

I've had my little ups and downs,
An' taken many a chance,
In No Man's Land in the mud an' dark,
Drivin' a ambulance;
But the thing that made me r'ar an' cuss,
An' crack the golden rule,
Was tryin' to fit a gas mask on
A ol' Missouri mule!

A FARM IN PICARDY

BAYNICKS *

Suggested by a cartoon by Bairnsfather.

One night out on a bit of a lark,
Belly-crawlin' around in the dark,
Baynicks p'inted an' finger on trigger,
We cut a partic'ler ridic'lous figger,
Me an' Bill Jones, a irascible chap,
The beatin'est feller to snarl an' snap,
An' jest as we started down the line,
Bill in front and me behine,
"Why in hell," says Bill, ugly as sin,
"Don'cha put a button on that bloomin' pin!"

*Bayonets

A FARM IN PICARDY

THE STORM

Today I walk through autumn woods,
With heart oppressed by fear,
Mid gusts and mists and dripping boughs,
Wind driven, wild and drear.

Like blood drops on the miry clay
Red leaves fall one by one—
My thoughts go wandering far afield—
Oh, red mud of Verdun!

The thunder rolls from mount to mount,
Repeated, crash on crash,
From out that dark and bending cloud
Red streaks of lightning flash.

'Tis like the roar from great guns' throats
As shells go hurtling by—
The rattling rush of maxim notes—
As men go forth to die.

But lo! far o'er the mountain's crest,
The sun breaks clear at last,
The whole world seems to smile with joy,
To know the storm has past.

A FARM IN PICARDY

That shining sun gives omen of
A coming, glorious day,
When men shall never more go forth
In droves to maim and slay.

A FARM IN PICARDY

THE GLORY OF MAN

In the slime of the ooze primeval,
A creature was spawned one day,
That differed from its fellows,
In a slight but peculiar way,
And it swelled with a vast importance,
And carried a haughty mein,
And this was Man's first beginning
In the early Eocene.

Now in course of time this creature
Passed on, but before it died,
It sired a billion descendants,
That swam in the shallow tide,
Till one day one of the swimmers,
Swam out on the hot sea sand,
Developed an embryonic lung,
And lived thereafter on land.

A hundred million years passed by,
And a changing creature ranged
Through tangled jungle and forest,
And ever and ever changed.
And at length a cannibal chief
With his braves sat under a tree,
Waiting the feast, and laughed aloud
In anticipation to see

A FARM IN PICARDY

The women roasting the corpses
Slain that day in the fight,
By wrapping them with grape leaves
And then with a covering light
Of clay mixed with sand and water,
And placing on white heated stones
Made hot by volcanic fires,
Till the meat cleaved off the bones.

And when the grim feast was ready,
They all squatted down on the ground
While they carved up the roasted corpses
And passed choice morsels around.
"My children," the great chief said,
"Incredible as it may seem,
There was a time many years ago,
Though it now seems like a dream,

When Man was a poor tame creature
Subsisting on nuts and fruit,
And he sometimes ate of herbage,
Just like a dumb-witted brute,
And knew not the feeling of comfort
That comes as our stomachs fill
With the tasty meat, the good red meat
That makes us strong to kill."

* * * * *

A FARM IN PICARDY

Some day shall come a Superman
As far from the savage chief.
As the chief from the creature that lived
On the paleozoic reef.
For this is the glory of Man,
His striving to reach a goal
That lies in the far, dim distance,
Progressing from sense to soul.

A FARM IN PICARDY

THE DAY

The word goes forth and then the cry is War! War!
War!

And everywhere is heard the tramp of marching feet.
The German host, halted for a little at Liege, goes on
To break in gray-green waves against the French and
English.

There are months of waiting; then mothers weeping
for slain sons,

Mourning widows, the wailing cry of children bereaved.

Then trenches, terrible, terrible trenches, rain and mud;

Barbed wire entanglements; bombing planes, battle
planes; submarines; tanks, mechanical

Trilobites, spitting destruction

Liquid fire; the horrible gas; ruined cities; forests
destroyed;

Harvests, the toil of patient hands, trodden under foot;
landmarks

Wiped out by the explosion of mighty shells from the
great guns

That never cease to roar nor night nor day. Now the
Russian Revolution,

And from the darkness of ages the Russian people
begin to emerge.

Time goes on and America enters the war and slowly
the Germans begin

A FARM IN PICARDY

To retreat but fighting stubbornly every inch of the way.

The whole world is in mourning. There is death, death everywhere,

On land, overhead, on the sea, and the red blood of earth's best and

Bravest poured out like water.

The word goes forth, the guns cease, there is silence, silence

Utter and complete. Men listen scarce daring to breathe, like scared

Rabbits they creep from the trenches into that dread place No Man's Land.

Now from both sides they come, and the cry is Kamerad! Brother!

And lo! hatred ends and there is brotherhood!

The waves of ether bear the word and from each home and hamlet,

From every town and city the people come, they flock into the roads,

Into the streets—who would stay in the house a day like this!—and

There is glad shouting and parading. Whistles blow, bells ring.

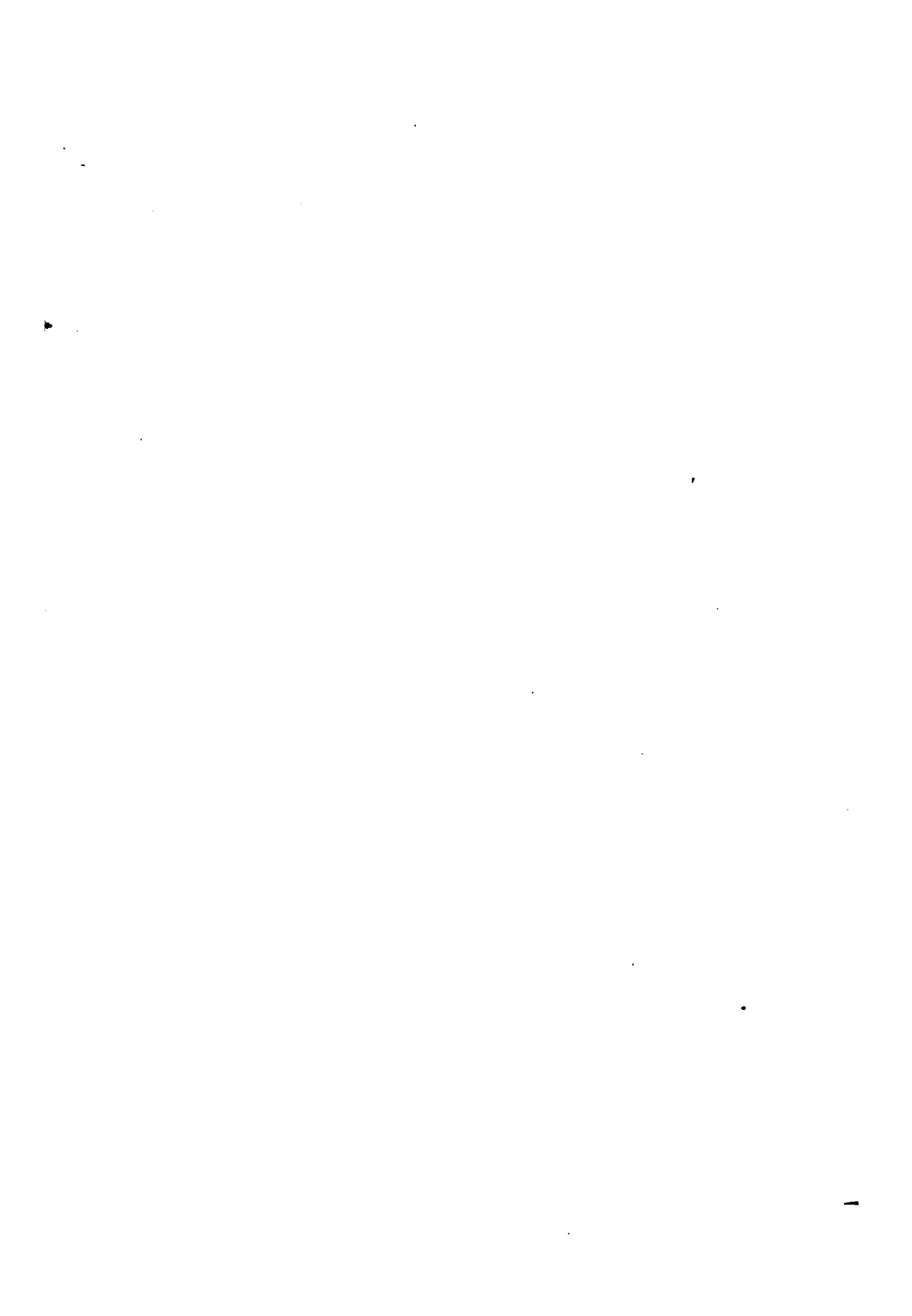
Every sort of vehicle, automobiles, wagons, carts, is brought into service.

There are women with softly-powered faces, white handed, in silken attire;

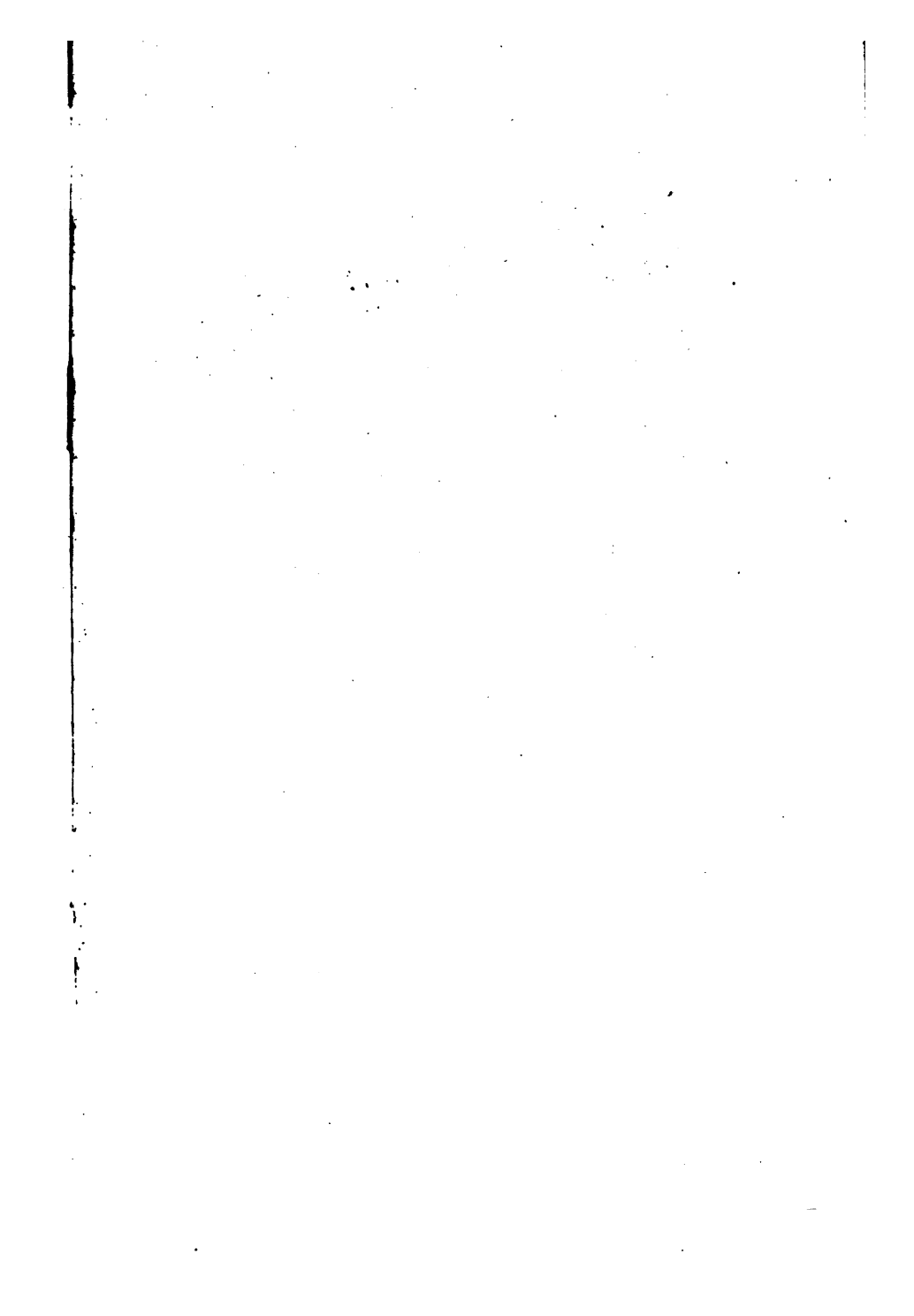
A FARM IN PICARDY

Men from the shops, grimy-faced; girls from the
munition works, in
Overalls, sleeves rolled up, bare of head; children from
the schools,
With flags; everywhere the people are singing and
shouting Peace! Peace!
Old wrongs are forgotten; people who have been at
enmity for years
Greet each other and wish each other well. In the
universal joy
Men dream of a great world-state wherein no war
shall be.
In the eyes of all are smiles, but behind the smiles,
tears.
And oh, it is good, it is good, it is GOOD to live this
day!

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